

# HEROIC WORK OF BRAVE RESCUERS AT THE RECENT HOBART DAM CATASTROPHE

## Men Undergo Great Suffering From Cold and Storm While on Way to the Scene of the Accident

Owing to the fact that the members of the rescue party, which went out from Carson City in an effort to recover the bodies of the two women who lost their lives in the disaster at the breaking of the Hobart dam, early this week, are well known locally, the following story is reproduced from the Carson City News. It deals with the suffering and privation of the brave rescuers and is a story of heroism seldom met with. Mrs. Jones and Mrs. Campbell are the women who were drowned.

(By George Montrose.)

Yesterday afternoon the men who went to the Red House in search of the bodies of the women who were drowned by the breaking of the Hobart dam, returned.

The news of yesterday morning gave a full account of the story as known at that time, and this morning we will give the experience of the Carson men who made the almost impossible trip to that section and brought out the torn and wrecked frame of Charles Jones, which, by careful nursing and skillful doctoring will again be made a man.

The fourteen men left Lakeview at 6:30 on the long, stormy trip to the scene of the accident. Right here I wish to state that never were a braver bunch of men brought together upon a trip wherein life was at stake and where the circumstances were such that only the strongest and the bravest could win. Through the leadership of Mr. Campbell, who for several years was in the employ of the water company and thoroughly conversant with the locality, was the heroic work of these men made possible.

At Lakeview, Mr. Chappell assumed charge and throughout the nerve-trying ordeal proved himself a man worthy to be named among the bravest of the brave.

When packs were strapped, he, with a lantern, took the fore of the procession of fourteen men and led them through the intricate mazes of canyons, hills and forests until he had guided them to their destination. The journey from Lakeview to the Tank House is one that can never be forgotten for it was the battle of man over the workings of nature; the conquering of the winter storms and the braving almost unsurmountable difficulties by men whose mission was that of humanity and a desire to save the life of a fellow man.

In this party was George Jones,

a brother of the man whose wife had fallen a victim to the raging torrent and who was lying in a stable suffering agonies of mind and body and whose life trembled in the balance. George Jones is not a man of robust constitution, but buoyed by the blood that is stronger than water and that desire that every brother has to succor his loved one, he fought onward until the Tank House was reached. It was a fight that was bravely made, but upon reaching the place named, he listened to the words of reason expressed by the others and remained there for the night; for it was seen that he was not physically able to continue on to the point where the tragedy had occurred.

### A Trip of Agony.

For me to speak of that long, cold, tiresome trip to the Tank House would be to tell a tale that could not be believed. It was one of agony, wherein every muscle cried out in rebellion against the tax that had been imposed upon it and where, time after time, the stoutest quailed and feared for the moment that they would have to confess defeat. However, the point was gained and upon the summit of the mountain that overlooks the Carson valley, the stalwart fourteen of Carson at last made their stopping place. An hour was spent at this place in the drying of clothes, and the preparation for the even harder trial that was to befall the crew who had set their eyes upon a given point and refused to recede.

### Faithful Dog Gives Alarm.

Here was learned the story of the great tragedy in all its entirety. Mr. Warden, the man in charge of the valves and water gates of this point, told the tale.

At 2:30 in the morning the keeper was aroused by the ringing of a bell which told him that the water pressure was falling and that it was his duty to raise the gates. Springing from the bed, he rushed to the gate-wheel to attend to the duty when he found that there was hardly any water, and every moment the supply was falling. While returning from the valves in the lower portion of his house, he heard a noise behind him, and upon flashing his light that way, found that the black and white dog of Mr. Jones of Red House had entered his home through the hole used for the entrance of his own dog,

and that his friend's animal was acting in a most unusual and strange manner. The arrival of the dog in this manner was surprising in itself, as it had never happened before, and Mr. Warden at once went to the telephone to call up the station at the dam. He was not able to secure an answer, however, and immediately after securing his breakfast, started for the Red House to see if all was well. Upon arriving at the summit of the mountain between the two places, the wind was raging with such fury that he was not able to cross the summit. Nothing daunted, he returned to his home and secured the assistance of William Walker, who was his guest. The dog of Mr. Jones accompanied him upon the first trip and tried to coax him on, and when the two men later on essayed the crossing of the summit with success, the dog was with them. After crossing the summit, they were soon able to see that the dam had given away and carried with it the Red House, the house of Mr. and Mrs. Jones, which was shared by their guest, Mrs. Campbell.

Swiftly their knees carried them to the place where once the Red House stood but which is now a yawning cut, some forty feet in depth and fully a hundred feet in width.

### Injured Man Found.

Again the faithful dog showed his sagacity, for his actions were such which the raging torrent had not touched, and here was found Mr. Jones, naked, torn and bruised but still conscious.

He was buried beneath some straw and sacks which he had piled upon himself in an endeavor to secure warmth. He stated that the first he knew of anything wrong he was struggling in the water and was thrown upon a bank, several hundred feet below the location of the building. He tried to gain his feet, but finding it impossible, crawled on his hands and knees to the chickenhouse, and breaking in the window, was able to crawl inside. The waters had torn his underclothes away from him and he was totally naked. It was impossible to keep warm in the chickenhouse, so he crawled out again and made his painful way to the barn, where he was able to crawl under the hay and sacking, where afterwards he was found more dead than alive. Mr. Warden and Mr. Walker at once took from their own bodies all the clothing they could spare and placed them upon his shivering form. A fire was built and everything done to make him comfortable. One of them rushed to a point further down the canyon and found that the torrent had not touched the log cabin of Mr. Foster, and in this building some bedding was found which was pressed into service at once and used to envelop the suffering man.

Walker stayed with the victim of the flood while Warden returned to his home and gave the news to the world of the accident.

### Continuing Journey.

We heard the story and telling

of State Policeman McNeill, "Zip" Emmitt and Pat Farrell, to stay over night at the Tank House and in the morning to come on with George Jones, and with a supply of provisions, ten of us continued on our journey. It was in the dead of the night with a snow storm on and the wild winds of the Sierras can. Onward we toiled up the white slope. Each took his place in the fore as long as his strength would consent and then fell back while another stepped forward to break the way through the snowy drifts. The years may come and go, but not one of that hardy band will ever forget the trip across the summit, with its sufferings and its terrors. Strong men sometimes fall and in this case one of our strongest and most valiant succumbed to the terrors of the great white sea and to the biting cold of the winter night. He could feel the stinging pain which told that his toes were rapidly freezing, but onward he toiled, having only one thought in view of keeping up with his companions.

While spirit is willing, yet flesh is weak, and soon the deadening cold, the dread of the consequences of the pain that was working at his feet, and the mental strain under which he was laboring, worked their way and he fell as a victim to the Winter King. There were those among us who had witnessed scenes such as those in other lands and quickly we rushed to the front with insults and with blows to spur him onward, to cause his anger to rise and with the passion that has proven the undoing of others to work his salvation.

### Searchers Reach Spot.

We had gained the spot where Mr. Jones still lay in the barn, carefully but ignorantly attended by one who had arrived from Virginia City to work upon the repairing of the flames which were supposed to have gone out by a sudden freshet. He had built a fire upon the floor of the barn, and the smoke, without proper egress, was filling the lungs of the suffering man and hastening the ravages of pneumonia. Quickly the fire was thrown outside the open door and a ready axe, borne by one of the rescuers, tore a hole through the roof of the building, so that ventilation was established and the sufferer relieved.

### Rescuer Exhausted.

Here it was found that the rescuer who had been frost-bitten, had wholly succumbed to the power of the cold. Everything possible was done to rouse him and it was decided that he must be taken to the Foster cabin, some hundred yards down the recently torn canyon and emergency measures provided to save his life.

Then came the battle of a night of battles. Every man in the little company was tired to the core and ready to allow the exhausted man to lie down while he himself stole a few moments of rest. Something must be done and quickly, the frost-bitten man was grabbed (Continued on Page Three.)

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